

SAVANT

A Youth Culture Magazine
ACMA FALL ISSUE 2003



CENSORSHIP

Ross Cat
1/02

THE "L"

The "L" is a semi-unknown nickname that floats around the school from year to year. It is in regards to our single hallway and its shape. Granted, it is more of a "J", but we at Savant like the L better. Just entertain us alright?

Sadie Hawkins- October 24

All Grades; 7-10

pm

\$8 single, \$10

couple

Tactics, Zy-Mer-

Gy, Jazz Combo

Gossip- Octo- ber 17-18 (7 pm)

\$3.00 students,

\$5.00 adults

Student Elec- tions- October 29

Senior I.T. Dead- line- October 17

Introductory
Paragraph, Rhe-
torical Situation,
Thesis and Out-
line

Picture Retake Day- October 24

MOLD

Ashley Nelson

People need to take more time to involve themselves in their world and stop being introverted. We are an art school dedicated to making the world around us something new, yet our halls are blank and the art which is posted ends up defaced, or is posted in the first place to fulfill a class assignment. How can students be proud of themselves if they have nothing to show for their time here?

Every student of Arts and Communications should be attending in order to pursue a passion for art that they are not whole without. They should be unable to get enough of their passion, and really prove just how talented they can be. The art-works, which can found in the hallways, are all creations from the same few artists, but there is room for so much more. Publications must beg and scrounge for material, and art teachers nearly have to bribe students to display work.

It seems this school is going downhill, but instead of gaining momentum it is losing it. A rolling stone gathers no moss, but a sickly sort of mold is creeping in at the building's foundation. This magnet school now seems to have lost its current, which once gave it such a power to shock the public with the new ideas students used to turn out. The students of A&C must stop ignoring the gift of such an opportunistic school and fully immerse themselves in the chances that wait expectantly for those willing to take them. Those who claim they are too busy to pursue what earned them entrance in this school are obviously missing the point and the passion that used to be found in the hallways



picture from <http://www.happydranch.com/invertebrates/mold.html>

Albertson play-
ing in Sherwood
at Cafe A la
Carte- October
18

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ABOUT THE COVER ARTIST: Ross Carlson

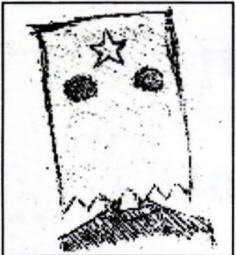
Ross Carlson is a senior. He is a psycho, crazy monkey, car driving mean head who is nice to some people. - Annie Tapper

Staff!

(the crazy typing monkeys who created this ~~garbage~~)



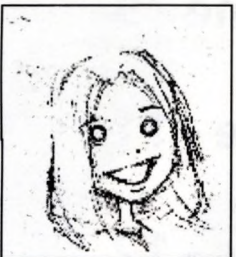
Molly
Hames



Alex
Frost



Nick
Martin



Rochelle
Miller

SUB STAFF



Jessica
O'Dell



Laura
Stein

OUR EDITORS



Megan King

So, it's my junior year and my friends and I are sitting around reading an issue of Savant when Anya and I get the brilliant idea to become the editors of the school newspaper for our upcoming (senior) year. Through my four years at this ever-changing school I have seen many of the editors burn out and run away crying and screaming. This year we are hoping to change that. This year we hope that with our awesome staff we

can produce some good hearted readin' material.

This years paper was actually started this summer with Anya, Jenny Mosbacher (graduated) and I hanging out at McMenamins on trendy-third eating cajun fries and trying to think of catchy titles and articles for the newspaper. We came up with a few, but later realized we were out of our minds. Many are in here, some were created when difficulties arose. This year we want your opinions, your ideas, this is not just our paper its everyones. This paper will only be as good as you want it to be. Complaining? What good will it be if you don't let us know?

Write us a line, we do read them. savant_press@yahoo.com. With all that said and done, here's a little about this editor: Senior who arrived as a Freshman back in the ACHS days. Likes abandoned places, belts, busrides, cameras, dr. pepper, duct tape, flipflops, fonts, Go, japanese candy, long boards, husband-beaters, video games and toast. Spent 2 weeks in Bend and will tell you all about it. Night lovin', Photo takin', Music comin' outta right headphone only, Riding the Metro Area X-press as far as life can take me, Follow your gypsy blood and see you next issue. Lurve cheese and apples, Megan King



Anya Bogorad

discussed over Cajun Fries (mmm, Cajun), and confused waiters. We could be on our roll because we had discussed our invasion with Yambo and we took his bowing down at our feet as a "yes." If you've read all the way to here, i'm proud of you. A little about me... When I edit papers, I butcher them, I tear them apart. When i'm finished editing a paper, the words can hardly be seen under the infinite web of red markings. Not applying to editing; i'm the girl that cackles at everything, or is otherwise sitting in the hall having a staring contest with the wall... ..the wall always wins.

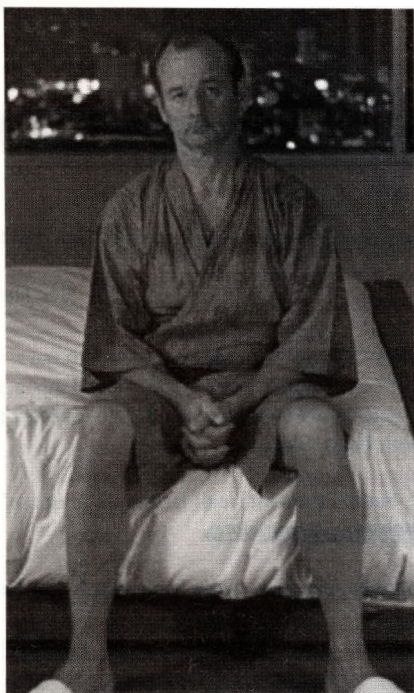
I've heard tell that I come off as mean at times. I'm not mean, just tired.

Still reading?

Basically, I really want this year's run of newspapers to be really great. This is my last year and I don't want to leave the school with a failed project. I want to know that I had made someone's day a little less boring, maybe even a little better. I want to know that my year spent in Publications won't go to waste. I'm really craving a doughnut. Wow, you've read to the end. * C l a p s * Anya Bogorad

SAVANT ENTERTAINMENT

...SUCKA!



Picture from www.lost-in-translation.com

"Lost in Translation"

By: Alex Frost

Savant gives hats off to new director Sofia Coppola for her work on "Lost in Translation", the new subtle dramedy starring Bill Murray and Scarlett Johansson. The film is made up of fairly long, nonessential cuts that make up for an overall wellness and feeling as the camera pans through domestic Tokyo, Japan. The premise starts with two fairly nonchalant characters overwhelmingly alone in a world where nothing is understood, sometimes even in their own language, just so... lost in translation??? When the characters finally do conflict they form a bond of respect far from romantic and make their own kind of fun in the middle of the night. Murray plays Bob Harris, a half-retired movie star doing a scotch endorsement with the catchy recurring slogan "for the best times, make it centauri time". Johansson's character is the hopelessly abstract newlywed of a hollywood photographer. "Lost in Translation" brings a new high in romantic comedies without the typical romance.

Rated: R

Watch it at: Lloyd Center, Pioneer Place, or Tigard.

The Gossip Movement Hits Portland

By: Chelsea McIntire

The lights go down, the guitar amps are on, an enormous feedback soon fills the air as we stand waiting, anticipating the one thing you have wanted all night, The Gossip. "Last night, Last night, you came around my house three or four times, last night." The crowd standing in awe for Beth Ditto's voice has never sounded better. When The Gossip is in town you are always in for a treat.

The Gossip was in Portland for a two night stand a couple of months ago in support of their third album Movement. The new full-length album features twelve amazing tracks. Beth Ditto's vocals are so rich and soulful, you are pulled in instantly. The music is more rock than pop when compared to the trio's other albums. Although there are more rock-oriented songs, the catchy blues riffs are still evident. I will confess when I first heard "Nite," the first track off Movement, I was a bit skeptical of the album for the song was slow, not what I was used to when listening to The Gossip. But wow, was I wrong! The powerful vocals blew me away, and I fell in love. After listening to the entire album a couple of times through, I was overly excited and realized it was time to head down to the club and see the wonderful group once again. I had seen them twice before, each time remarkably better than the one before. I got in my car, picked up a few friends and headed down to the always-wonderful pink fluffy Meow Meow.

I arrived at the Meow Meow shortly after 9pm and much to my surprise the floor was almost empty. There were a group of kids over in the corner, some on the stage, and a couple in the cafe. "What was going on? Where were The Gossip Youth?" Well, I thought of this all out loud. My friends all assured me that the place would fill in by the time The Gossip hit the stage. Until then we stood around talking with friends about what songs we hoped they would play and wondering if they would bring back any from the older albums. Time went by, finally, after two opening acts,

The Gossip took the stage. The band played for an hour with no encore. They met and greeted fans directly after the show well, selling merchandise in the back of the hall, a typical end to a Gossip show. I arrived at the Meow Meow shortly after 9pm and much to my surprise the floor was almost empty. There were a group of kids over in the corner, some on the stage, and a couple in the cafe. "What was going on? Where were The Gossip Youth?" Well, I thought of this all out loud. My friends all assured me that the place would fill in by the time The Gossip hit the stage. Until then we stood around talking with friends about what songs we hoped they would play and wondering if they would bring back any from the older albums. Time went by, finally, after two opening acts, The Gossip took the stage. The band played for an hour with no encore. They met and greeted fans directly after the show well, selling merchandise in the back of the hall, a typical end to a Gossip show.

WHAT TIME YOU SAY????? IT'S BAND TIME MUTHATRUCKA!!!!

By: Molly

Zymurgy

Band Members: Justine Verigin (vocals), Clay Stanley (Guitar), Chris Martin (Bass), Matt Scott (Drum) Mellow vocals with a rock beat. I like listening to it while I walk or when I'm going to sleep. You can pick up a CD for only \$3 from any of the band members. They may play at the Sadie Hawkins dance.

The Seducers

Band Members: Jessica Sylvia (Bass), Kara Kerpan (Vocals), Kevin Shapen (Guitar), Andrea (Drums) Brand new band who work awesome together. Kevin is from the ex-band the Spider Babies. they play 60's poppy punk, with bubblegum lyrics about relationships and other fun junk. Talk to Jessica and she can play the tape if you're interested in hearing their stuff.

The Tactics

Band Members: Miranda Gellar (vocals), Chelsea McIntire (Guitar), Ian Wallis (Drums), Sharleen (Bass) Soft rock, light punk with a garage sound. They're mosh worthy, and play a good show, (as done at the Meow Meow in September). They will be doing covers at Sadie Hawkins, and hopefully some of their own songs.

Know a good local band? TELL US ABOUT 'EM!

savant_press@yahoo.com



Picture Found On www.kpunk.com/thegossip

ORESTES STORY REMIX

By: Amber Anderson

Orestes sat back in his chair, rubbed his eyes and took a deep breath. He poured himself a drink, filling the glass only half way, hesitating to fill it anymore, but decided to go for it. Twisted the cap back on and sat back and looked at the drink. Tapping the edge of the glass, he thought about whether or not to actually drink the alcohol that he had intended on drinking. He grabbed a bottle of pills and popped a few in his mouth, and downed the drink. He sighed after the burning of his throat deceased, "God that felt good," he thought. He poured himself another one and downed that glass as well, without any hesitation this time. He was afraid to sleep, but he knew that he had to. Going three days without sleep, but he knew that he had to. Going three days without sleep can do something to a person. It's been lately that his dreams, his nightmares, have been getting to be too much for him. Constant flashbacks of the gruesome murder of his father, Agamemnon by his mother, Clytemnestra. Also, dreams of some young girl that would tell him that he needed to "avenge" his father's death. He felt secure in the dreams of the young girl, he felt as though he knew her somehow, but he couldn't quite put his finger on it.

After much deliberation of whether or not to go to bed, he finally gives into what his body is telling him he needs to do. The young girl comes to see him again and tells him that she is in fact his sister, Electra and told him distinctly *again* that he needs to avenge his father's death, and soon.

The next morning and almost zombie- like Orestes leaves to do as he was told. Getting in his car, he drives to a house that he had seen many times in his dreams. It could have been a very bittersweet moment for him if death wasn't on his mind. He walks up the steps slowly, looking at everything... he once knew this place, and he once liked this place. The front door was open just a little as though the people inside knew what was about to happen. He enters the house to see a man sitting on a couch, watching television. They catch eyes just for a second, his eyes close shortly thereafter. Orestes shot him. His mother runs into the room to see what was going on, she falls to the floor. Orestes shot her. He leaves casually.

Of course, the police and everyone else would know that he was the one to blame for the death of Clytemnestra and Aegithus, so he decided to not fight it, he turned himself in. When asked why he did what he had done, he just replied, "I had to." His case in court was him pleading insanity and was left to stay at Minerva's Sanitarium.

DEEP THOUGHTS...

1. If you saw two guys named Hambone and Flippy, which one would you think liked dolphins more? You're probably guessing Flippy, but your wrong, it's Hambone.

2. Marta and I were casually sitting on the front porch when she said "I love carrots." [REDACTED]

3. A sand dollar may look like a cracker someone left on the beach, but trust me, it's not.

By Jack Handey

1. This one time I said to this kid: "If you've never seen the tooth fairy, I probably wouldn't go to sleep if I were you". I never saw the kid again, but I just couldn't get over how funny it would be if he never did go to sleep, and lived in constant fear of the tooth fairy...like me...

2. Many people call it "Emo", but the Emo kids call it "Emu". It doesn't really matter though, [REDACTED]

3. Do you ever think what would happen if we were fish and fish were us? Yeah, me neither.

By Alex Frost



DON'T FLOCCINAUTCINIHIPIILIFICATE YET... THIS MIGHT BE USEFUL SOMEDAY

By: Rochelle Miller

The Englishman of the eighteenth century seemed to find entertainment in inventing the longest word possible. This word- floccinaucinihilipilification was derived by Eton College. He owned a grammar book that contained Latin roots which all meant "Of little or no value." As a sort of joke, he placed the roots of *floci*, *nauci*, *nihili* and *pili* together, molding them and adding "-fication" to the end to make a word that exaggerates "The action or habit of judging something to be worthless." However, "floccinaucinihilipilification" really was "floccinaucinihilipilicious." It's main use was just to be an example of a long word. It soon lost its place in the *Oxford English Dictionary* as the longest English word, but it shall forever be a floccinaucinihilipilicious piece of information.

A letter, from Yambo...

HAZELWOOD SCHOOL DISTRICT v. KUHLMIEIER et al.

In 1998 The Supreme Court struggled with a case that began at Hazelwood East High School in St. Louis Missouri. The principal at Hazelwood High refused to allow two articles to be placed in the student newspaper; one had to do with students' experience with pregnancy, the other examined the impact of divorce on students.

The principal believed that references to sexual activity and to birth control were inappropriate for younger students. He was also concerned that students' privacy could not be insured, and that readers would figure out the identities of the students surveyed.

This case passed from lower court to lower court, each disagreeing with the previous opinion, the case ended up with "The Supremes".

To make a long story short, "The Supremes" decided the following:

1. Students do not shed their constitutional rights to freedom of speech or expression at the schoolhouse gate.
2. School officials may impose reasonable restrictions on the speech of students...
3. School officials retained ultimate control over what constituted "responsible journalism" in a school sponsored newspaper.
4. Educators are entitled to exercise greater control over (journalism activities) to assure that participants learn whatever lessons the activity is designed to teach.
5. Educators are entitled to exercise greater control over (journalism activities) to assure that readers or listeners are not exposed to materials that may be inappropriate for their level of maturity.
6. A school must be able to take into account the emotional maturity of the intended audience in determining whether or not to disseminate (publish) student speech on potentially sensitive subjects (such as) the particulars of teenage sexual activity in a high school setting.

The law has a way of raising as many questions as it answers, doesn't it? That, in fact, is why we have so many lawyers. So how will we, here at A.C.M.A., go about the business of publishing? I suggest the following approach:

1. We recognize that controversy is not always a bad thing. Democracy provides rights to those with whom we do not agree.
2. We let our student editorial board, under the supervision of their instructor, decide whether a particular article passes the tests put forth by the *Kuhlmeier* case. The editorial board is responsible for their paper.
3. We remember that we have seven grade levels represented in our student body, and that's going to be a challenging 'balancing act'. What may be of interest to a senior, may not be of interest to a sixth grader. What might be offensive to a sixth grader might not be offensive to a senior.
4. We remember that mistakes will happen, and lessons will be learned, and that's all part of learning to publish. If we stub our toes, we learn our lesson, and go on to the next publication.
5. We insist on the highest level of quality in everything that we put in our publications. We all know quality when we see it. And we all expect to see quality work.

I look forward, with much enthusiasm, to our first Savant, and to Effigy. I look forward to your brilliant, imaginative, irreverent work. Best of luck to all our young journalists. I know you will create an outstanding newspaper, one that our entire community will be proud of.

Sincerely, your faithful (yet reluctant) censor,
Mr. Yambouranis

“...Mistakes will happen, and lessons will be learned, and that's all part of learning to publish.”

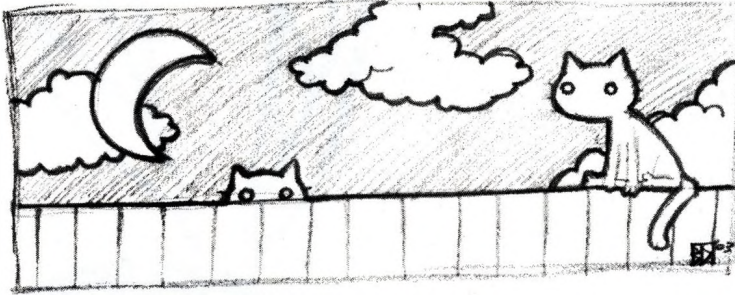
CENSORSHIP, BY YAMBO? **MAYBE NOT...**



So, basically, it's up to the Publications staff to be responsible and decide what should or should not be published in Savant. Luckily, common sense could tell us whether something is appropriate or not. If the content's questionable, then hey, Yambo's always around. It's refreshing to know that we have a say in what we're publishing and that we aren't entirely bound by administration staff's opinions. If you find something offensive in Savant, please (via e-mail) let us know, and we'll see how we can work it out. As a warning: we aren't going to be 100% politically correct, nor will we try to incorporate every point of view, because, frankly, it will become ridiculous and our paper won't have any flavor.

Garden of Rhythm and Rhyme

Art And Poetry By The Students At Arts And Communication



By: Bryan Daley

Jack in the Sox

By: Ohana de Supak

Greetings Everybody
El Impostor Sings
I Have a Little Problem
That You Might Like to know
You Disrespect 'da Family
I Hate 'da Comic Sans
Gramma's wearin' Prada
With a Gucci Purse
Precious Love is ACMA
I really hate that verse
Spiders spiders everywhere
And not a bat to kill them
They're crawling through my hair.
Ooh
I think we're there.

Rehearsal

By: Hilliary Marler

When the lights go down,
And the stage is still
Only one remains
In a lifelong rehearsal
Of scenes that
Should be reacted,
But can't, can't ever
Where lines were misspoken
And cues missed
Props misplaced
And understudies understudied
When the lights go down,
And the stage is still,
Only one remains



By: Stephy Baron

Today's Words

By: "Grey"

Colors of my eyes change
As I see a new picture
A new journey is ahead of me
But I still feel empty inside
No more voices, no more thoughts of suicide
I hang on to my soul and hope it will help me
Through hard and easy times
I smile at my successes
And I'm eager to see the new ones to come
I build the communication with life and family
The pain has left me
For a happy and natural death
I see the colored room and run to it
Hoping to find new friends and a love
My heart pounds a simple slow beat
I inhale goodness and pull myself higher and higher
And I fall down into the new world
I see my trouble as a chance to learn new meanings
Remembering how good life actually is and how it can be
great



By: Bryan Daley



"I'm Sorry Faerie"

By: Kalie Stanton

Pool side

Sunny skies and wet concrete
Pool side and feet slide
Rhyming waters pull me in...
Rippling sun dances on the surface,
Skies from below, reflections from above...
Under water, you speak to me
When I'm drowning
Amplified, under water
Your words blow out my eardrums.
I hear your lips right next to me,
Feel them part, the water flows in
When I'm drowning
You'd take your own life
Before you'd let me breathe it in...
Poolside and feet slide
Skies from below, reflections from above,
When I'm drowning.



"Final Fantasy X, Seymour"

By: Jenny Cohen

From the Grave

Articles Published In Past Savants: Showing How The Times Change So Freaking Fast

"CENSORED"

First Published: Winter 1998-1999

By: Jennifer Howe

This summer, during a two-week, cross-country road trip, I stopped in Wausau, Wisconsin to visit a friend from college who is a journalist. I had just accepted a job as teacher and publications advisor at ACHS, and was anxious to discuss journalism and student publications with her. The subject came up as we sat on her livingroom floor eating garlic-lime walleye. I was surprised when she told me that she would find working as a publications advisor discouraging. She simply couldn't abide teaching her students the rights of the first amendment one day and denying them those very right the next day.

"Gee," I mused at the time, "I hadn't thought of it that way."

Skip ahead five months, and I am confronted with the very dilemma she foresaw. There are several articles in this issue of Savant that could not be published in their original forms for one reason or another. For the most part, the reasons were not unique to student publications. Libel laws dictate, for example, that it is illegal to publish statements which might, to the best of the editor's knowledge,

be untrue. Common sense tells us it's not wise to publish statements that might unnecessarily hurt an individual's or group's feelings. It is also unwise to publish threatening statements against an individual or a group. I feel strongly that part of my job as publications advisor is to guide students toward responsible journalistic choices; breaking the law or risking others' reputations for one's writing are not responsible choices.

The student press must abide by laws which are slightly more stringent than those governing adult publications. Because student publications are school-sponsored, they must be aligned with the school's curriculum and philosophy. In fact, the school board is the official publisher of any school publication. When students publish their work in Savant, for example, they are asking the school board to defend their editorial decisions. They are asking the same of their editor, their advisor, and their school's administration.

In 1988, the Supreme Court decided the Hazelwood case, which gave school administrators control over school-sponsored publications that are not a public forum. However, a school may only censor student writing when it is "reasonably related to legitimate pedagogical purpose." For example, the court stated that the following types of censorship would be within the confines of the law: articles that are, "ungrammatical, poorly written, inadequately researched, biased or prejudiced, vulgar or profane, or unsuitable for immature audiences." Under this law the Beaverton School District decided that student publications must abide by the following guidelines:

- 1) Student newspapers shall be free from libelous or obscene material, according to current legal standards or those standards reasonably expected by the community.
- 2) Student newspapers shall not contribute to a substantial disruption of normal school activities or school discipline.

- 3) Student newspapers shall avoid publishing material that advertises tobacco, alcohol, or any other product or service not permitted to students by law.

- 4) The content of student newspapers shall be accurate and fair.

Of course, these guidelines are open to some interpretation, but the fact remains that, as a school-sponsored publication, Savant must be careful to play by the rules. Above all, the students who edit Savant must be trusted to use good judgement and to take responsibility for their decisions. I trust them to do both of those things...

... Six months ago, I couldn't have imagined myself holding the black pen of censorship. This term, I not only held it, but I used it. The editors of Savant will tell you that I used it with their approval. ♦



"The student press must abide by laws which are slightly more stringent than those governing adult publications."

Cheap Eats

by Nick Martin

I, Nick Martin, critic of any and everything have brought together a list of restaurants that are great on the stomach, but easy on the wallet. I ventured to three restaurants within walking distance of our school. My criteria was simple, no more than 6-8 dollars a meal, an amount I feel most of you kids can afford. I score the restaurants with 1-5 tongues, one being terrible, five being awesome. Now, without further pause, I give you my reviews.

#1: Noodle Me. A little Japanese restaurant down past Fred Meyer, this place knows what they are doing. You can sit inside or outside, though the air conditioning is much better than an umbrella when it comes to the heat. The inside is plainly adorned, but it's pleasant enough. The service is quick, and the menu contains a mixture of delicious Japanese. And I'm not talking little rolls of sushi, when I say food I mean food. My bowl of teriyaki chicken was big enough to fill me, but not horribly filling. It tasted great. It costed four dollars, plus a dollar tip. the waitress was hot... What was there not to like about the place?!?

Rating: 5 tongues

Reason: Good food, easy on the wallet, hot asian waitress.

#2 Taco Del Mar. Let me make one thing clear, this is not your typical Mexican taco shack. Set in the middle of Beaverton's town square, it's a fairly classy place. Because this chain is based out of Seattle where it caters to a surfer crowd, there's a lot of older pictures of guys on boards, guys holding boards, guys holding guys... But anyway... the burritos here are enormous! I'm talking as thick as my biceps and about a foot long. A "Super Burrito" runs \$5.25 and has sour cream, guacamole, your choice of beans and meat, and of course, hot sauce and loads of spicy rice stuff. Everything here is very good, but the burritos are almost too big. It took me a while to finish mine. But it's a pretty good place over all, and it's not much more than a block from school. I highly recommend it as food on the go.

Rating: 4 tongues

Reason: Outrageously huge burritos, surfer pictures, and that's about it.

#3: Panda Express. Panda Express is literally a block from our school. I'm sure many of you have eaten there at one point or another. The place serves chinese fast food of sorts in a cafeteria setting of sorts. You tell the person behind the counter what you want and you get it, huzzah. The food is all right, nothing amazing, but it's a full meal for \$5. The food is very heavy and filling and it takes no more than 10-15 minutes to get in and out. The place always seems packed to the brim, and the plastic chairs are less than comfortable. But hey, you get what you pay for.

Rating: 2.5 tongues

Reason: Just another Chinese fast food joint, nothing special, no hot Asian waitress either.

Stella's Rant

A Column by Stella Kasayan

Has it occurred to anyone else that there are simply not enough hours in the day to fulfill any sort of procrastination habits that one might acquire while attending an art school? Correct me if I'm wrong, but shouldn't a girl such as myself deserve ample time to sit around and do absolutely nothing without having to be bothered by unnecessary homework assignments? I suspect that you too are feeling a little pressure and I'm convinced you agree that in order to have any sort of "sit around" time, the day must be lengthened to 40 some hours instead of the measly 24 that we are mystified with. However, since this is not possible, I will share with you the most important things that I have learned about being effectively lazy and productively inactive.

The number one problem that ACMA students face today (besides Nick Martin) is unsuccessful procrastination. How many times have you written your entire I.T. paper the night before it was due? You can be honest, I won't tell David Sikking. What about the math homework where you copied the answers from the back of the book? We all do it, it's okay; ACMA isn't strong in math. As I would presume, your grade probably ended up reflecting the unsuccessful procrastination that you attempted. This is usually the case, unless you're smart, or a senior and have been learning the tricks of procrastination since the days of Mr. Kaad and Mrs. Kutter. Now, before I continue, I would like you to know that I, too, have written an entire I.T. paper the night before it was due. FYI, I received an 'A' from Jessie Scott. You may be asking yourself, "But Stella, how?!" Well, it's quite simple: *plagiarism*. No, no, I'm kidding. The real answer to your question is effective procrastination.

The first trick you need to know to be able to procrastinate is learning the art of camouflage. The key to having "sit around time" is giving it a more socially acceptable term such as "meditation" or "reading". You and I know that the two are virtually one in the same to the untrained eye. Meditation makes it sound like you're doing something productive, while reading is super good for those pesky parents (just remember to turn the pages). These methods will allow you to have ample time to take in "I Love Lucy" reruns without having unnecessary thoughts about homework.

When the faithful deadline arrives: don't panic. You technically have until 2:15 to turn in your homework assignments, take advantage of that. Now if you haven't already mastered the art of B.S.-ing, please go talk to a junior or a senior and get with the program.

As an ACMA student, I believe that "writing about nothing" (otherwise called "B.S.-ing.") is far more important than making sure Jared cuts his hair or listening to Harry talk about James Bond. This skill is absolutely crucial to a good I.T. paper, or any sort of paper for that matter. B.S.-ing is actually 85% of an I.T. paper. The other 15% is left for quotes.

The last and final tip I'll give for effective procrastination is the art of excuses and extensions. "Oh my god Mr. Scott I didn't do it, can I give it to you tomorrow? 'Cause like, I had a date with my boyfriend." - This is not a good excuse, especially when said two minutes before class. However, if you know that you will be procrastinating in advance, give the teacher you're excuse the day before, and come up with some Jewish holiday or a sick dog story. If you've waited until the day of the deadline, mornings are always better than in class. Now, if you're like me, and you remember the minute class starts: leave. No, really. Just go and finish whatever it is you need to finish, come back and pretend you were saving someone or talking to another teacher. Maybe spill a little water on your pants for good measure.

Attending ACMA is a gift. Where else would we have teachers like Hippy, long-haired, guitar-playing Mr. Albertson? Or the once-pregnant-but-not-anymore, X-Files fanatic, Mrs. Norton? Always-acting-and-making-long-heroic-speeches Mr. Sikking? Or, of course, from the South ya'll, Mrs. Katrina Fray? No where else in the world, ya'll. So don't procrastinate wrong and get kicked out because of poor grades, procrastinate effectively and stay forever. No wait, that came out wrong.

THE BOTTOM OF THE PAGE

Randomness provided by Anya Bogorad

Last year for Halloween, my dad wore a bright yellow jumpsuit to work. In the morning, before we left for school and whatnot, I asked him what he was supposed to be. He replied simply, "Bananakin Skywalker." He then pointed to cut-out, brown pieces of construction paper that were taped randomly over his jumpsuit and explained that they were bruises on the banana and signified "going to the dark side." He then suggested to me that I dress up with money taped to my clothes and be "Ama-dollah." (For those who haven't had their epiphany, he was making cheap puns of Star Wars characters. A banana as Anakin Skywalker, and "I'm-a-dollar" in place of Amadala.)

SAVA-SCOPE

(SAVANT-STYLE HOROSCOPE)



Aquarius (Jan. 20 - Feb. 18):

We all know what happened last Halloween, let's not repeat that. You may be doing something next Thursday, so don't wear red. Oh, and stop using that soap, yeah, that one.

Pisces (Feb. 19 - Mar. 20):
Stop eating sushi, you cannibal.



Aries (Mar. 21 - Apr. 20):

The worms crawl in, the worms crawl out, the worms-...sorry I wasn't paying attention. Download a new cell phone ring, one that's festive.

Taurus (Apr. 21 - May 20):

I suggest you write that paper now before it's too late. I mean, what happens if all your other papers are really bad? Then you'd have nothing but really bad papers. Paper tastes bad, I wouldn't recommend eating it.



Gemini (May 21 - June 20):

Adorn your room with smiley faces. Then run into the bathroom, spin around to your left three times while chanting, "Blue Light Special, Blue Light Special." Continue by eating some cupcakes... ..and give the rest to me.

Cancer (June 21 - July 20):

The obsession stops here. That kind of thing is never okay. It makes every situation awkward... ..
... ..*awkward silence*



Leo (July 21 - Aug. 21):

Don't dress up like Harry Potter again this year. Just...don't do it.

Virgo (Aug. 22 - Sept. 22):

I see blue skies ahead. No, I really do! Look!



Libra (Sept. 23 - Oct. 22):

When you get sick next week, take the four hour relief medicine instead of twelve hour, just in case the symptoms come back sooner than twelve hours.

Scorpio (Oct. 23 - Nov. 22):

Make sure to trip over the second block, not the first one.

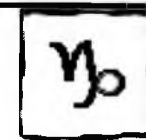


Sagittarius (Nov. 23 - Dec. 20):

When they replay all the old "All That" episodes, tape them.

Capricorn (Dec. 21 - Jan. 19):

It's okay to get mad when your parents flake out and buy you presents that cover both your birthday and "the holidays." Being thrifty can be depressing.



“A Reference Point to Life”

Authored by Sam Whalen

Over the course of the previous summer, I learned to play with danger, death, and discovered the purest aspects of living as a result. I would have never truly experienced life, until I had played with danger. The closer I can voluntarily push towards danger, the more alive I feel. Danger offered a reference point previously unavailable in ensured safety.

Standing above a thirty foot cliff, studying a waterfall cascading in to a deep gorge, five kayakers stood, myself included. We were on our fifth and final day of our trip, running a remote river which consisted of six miles containing over fifty ledges.

“Are you going to run it?” Zack asked as he studied the boils that were exploding just below the bottom hole. “You have to do your homework on this one,” Tom responded. Tom was our guide, a veteran paddler who has led first descents down- as he put it - “more rivers than I can remember.” The waterfall had a series of sketchy moves at the top, and due to the excessive water levels, the hole at the bottom was enormous. We studied the moves, the lines, and the possible consequences for over half an hour before Tom made the final decision. “Okay, I think you guys should hike this one.” Disappointment spread over our group as we trudged up the bank to retrieve our boats from the rocks on which they lay. “But, I think I will run it,” Tom continued, and the group’s attitude rose once more.

A dull splash sounded as Tom’s boat dropped into the water. The roar from the fall seemed increasingly thunderous as Tom approached the lip. The intensity of the moment cleared everything from mind. Only one thing that mattered, one thing that meant anything at all. Would Tom make it? We could see each spec of water that was splashed by Tom’s aggressive strokes. We could hear the roar resonating in the canyon walls. We could feel the cool breeze that blew through the gorge, and we could smell every hint of scent from the clarity of the glacial water, to the ripening blue berries that grew on the bank. Senses became more and more acute until they reached their pinnacle in Tom’s final stroke before the drop. Then there was nothing. As Tom fell so did the sound, the wind, the smell. That fall occurred in a split second of utter insentient terror. Tom quickly pierced the surface of the lower gorge, and was invisible for what seemed like an eternity. He quickly emerged from the foaming chaos, and paddled into the still water that lay directly downstream. He made it.

Water sustains existence, and for me, water has created life. The flow of water amongst the rocks of a river, the breaking waves, the holes, the falls, the roar, the silence. I had the opportunity to immerse myself in these elements for a week, a week of hard core kayaking in Quebec, Canada.

The trip began in Tom’s old, run-down driveway. He lived around an hour outside of Washington, D.C. Kayaks littered the lawn, and filled the spaces in the driveway that weren’t already claimed by dead cars. When I arrived Tom was taking a final inventory of food before the coolers were strapped to the roof. A pile of kayaking gear lay next to Tom’s old Ford Explore, waiting to be loaded.

* Continued in November’s issue of Savant *

COOL	WEBSITES	FOR	WHEN	YOU'RE	BORED...
W	W	W	.	Z	O
W	W	W	.	T	A
W	W	W	.	P	E
W	W	W	.	I	-
W	W	W	.	Q	U
WWW.NSXPRIME.COM/MEMBERS/LENG/WHATSWRONG.SWF					

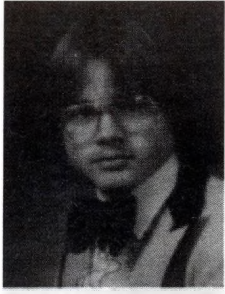
FOR	WHEN	YOU'RE	REALLY	BORED...
W	W	W	.	N
W	W	W	.	H

INSTRUCTIONS	FOR	THE	"WHAT IS WRONG"	WEBSITE...
THERE IS SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE PICTURE. IF YOU'VE SEEN THE SITE BEFORE IT'S INCREDIBLY OBVIOUS WHAT IT IS, BUT THE FIRST TIME IT TAKES FOREVER. YOU HAVE TO LOOK REALLY CLOSELY BECAUSE MOST PEOPLE SIMPLY OVERLOOK IT. HERE'S A HINT- THE LAPTOP HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH IT. ADDED BONUS IF YOU'RE EXTRA BORED - FIND THE LITTLE BLACK DOT.				

INSTRUCTIONS	FOR	"ZOMBOCOM"...
TURN OFF ALL THE LIGHTS AND TURN ON THIS WEBSITE. LAY ON THE FLOOR AND STARE AT THE CEILING FOR ABOUT AN HOUR. AFTERWARDS YOU FEEL VERY REFRESHED. IF YOU WANT SOMETHING TO DO, WATCH THE SITE UNTIL A LINK POPS UP, AND THEN CLICK THE LINK.		

WHAT I WAS LIKE

IN HIGH SCHOOL...



Jonathan Bruce Albertson

JONATHAN BRUCE ALBERTSON

(a.k.a. Albertson, Alby)

11/12 AP English, Creative Writing 1/2, 7/8 Comp/Lit

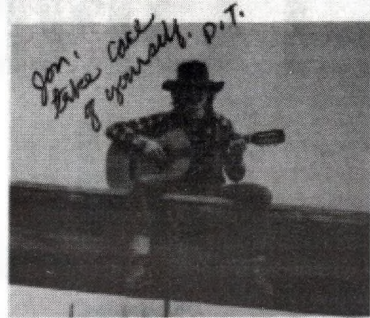
It was 1981, iron on decals were the fad that didn't outlive your outrageous haircut, velcro shoes were awarded best invention, while girls dug the jelly shoes. Clash of the Titans was the killer movie that everyone loved and little blue men danced freely before us. 1981; while the Kids at ACMA were still just a sperm and an egg; our little Alby was graduating from highschool in Corrales, New Mexico, just outside of Albuquerque. From Alby's eyes It was a small, private, conservative Christian boarding school. The driver's ed teacher drove a

1963 Corvette, which he took to stock car races. I spent half my day in school, half working in a cabinet factory, building kitchen cabinets. I was the "Pastor" of the senior class, and the resident nerd, freak, hippie, and a few other choice derogatory labels. I was surrounded

by cowboys, who, while practicing their roping skills on the weekend, frequently chased me down and roped me by the ankles. Cheap entertainment. Those who weren't cowboys were decked out 1980's style off the cover of a Billy Joel album--tiny collars, skinny

ties, peg-cuffed levis and penny loafers. When they were dressed for church, it was a pastel jacket with the sleeves scrunched up. The girls hair was designed to quadruple the apparent size of the cranium and locked in place with dry look hair spray. And I'm a 118 pound hippie. My denim jacket had the sleeves ripped off, my belt had brass hinges on either side, and my Iranian girlfriend had written in Pharsee all over my knee-ripped, hip-hugger, bell-bottom levis. But I had an existential outlook fit to rock my world. Still do. Misfit then. Misfit now. Except here at ACMA. Here everybody is just as freaky as I am! Gotta love this place! For Albertson, 1981 was not the place to be. Strange to think that our teachers went through the same problems as we do.

This is what Jonathan Bruce Albertson was like in highschool.



You have just read the 1st savant of this year, tell us what you think! savant_press@yahoo.com

FIN

**TUNE
IN**
for

**ARTS &
COMMUNICATION
MAGNET ACADEMY**



TELEVISION

WED > 10pm

METRO cable channel 11

FRI > 7am SAT > 10am MON > 5pm

TVTV cable channel 21